

CADBURY means Quality

PUBLIC LIBRARY

SEP 11 1946

DETROIT

PUNCH

SEPTEMBER

11

1946

Vol. CCXI

No. 5515

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/6 per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1d.; Canada, 1d. Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.



It's always good to be on the inside looking out, especially if you look out from your own pleasant home. Soon you'll be able to make it more colourful and delightful than ever with the lovely new Sundour furnishing fabrics that'll be coming your way any time now.

Sundour

FINE FURNISHING FABRICS

© N9

Locker-room Sensation



"HENRY," said Mr. Chipshott, "something magical has just manifested itself."

"You mean that mirage, Sir?" said the locker-room man, sympathetically.

"I mean that magnificent 'Viyella' sports shirt!" exclaimed Mr. Chipshott, excitedly.

"It's identical with the one I've been dreaming of—that delightful pattern, that trim cut, that perfectly-tailored collar! How did it get in here?"

"Wishful thinking, Sir," said the locker-room man. "Lots of the members have been seeing these mirages lately. 'Viyella' Visions, I call 'em."

"Then it is only a vision?"

"Yes, Sir—until the real thing appears."

"When I can play in a 'Viyella' shirt again," said Mr. Chipshott, "I shall be a far, far better golfer than I have ever been."

"That's what *all* the members say," said the locker-room man.

Viyella

PIJAMAS • SPORTS SHIRTS • SOCKS

They'll all be back to brighten your wardrobe as soon as possible.



..how alive it is!



Breathe it in . . . and straightway your spirits go soaring to the skies. You're light-hearted as thistledown, simply brimming over with the mood of holiday. Oh, the sun's in his heaven *all* the time if you have Yardley Lavender!

Yardley
LAVENDER

33 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON



For over half a century

STATE EXPRESS 555

have maintained their reputation as the best cigarettes in the world




Export Packing

Quality

The quality of
BURGESS
Original & Superior
ESSENCE of ANCHOVIES
Fish & Meat Pastes,
M. M. Pickle, etc.
remains unrivalled

JOHN
BURGESS
& SON LTD
Established 1760



BY APPOINTMENT TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V
SUPPLIERS OF FISH SAUCE

Hythe Road, Willesden Junction, N.W.10

GREAT NEWS!
*always in quality street
now in Every street*



Mackintosh's
'Quality Street'
ASSORTMENT -

John Mackintosh & Sons Ltd., Toffee Town, Halifax



**Thank Goodness for
a real Vermouth!**

"This Vamour is certainly a magnificent vermouth. Speaking as something of an expert I maintain it's as good as any I've ever tasted."


You will agree when you secure a bottle of Vamour. Blended from choice wines and health-giving herbs, it is the making of a cocktail and is a delicious drink by itself. Sweet or Dry 18/6 a bottle. Ask your Wine Merchant or Stores.

Vamour
vermouth
SWEET OR DRY

VERMOUTIERS (LONDON) LTD.,
IBEX HOUSE, THE MINORIES, E.C.3.



V225



*The modern treatment
for Colds*
VAPEX

A Drop on your Handkerchief
Like many other good things
Vapex had to make way for
more imperatively urgent needs.
Throughout the war pharmaceutical work of national importance has taken and must take first place. Normal conditions will bring a return of Vapex

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England

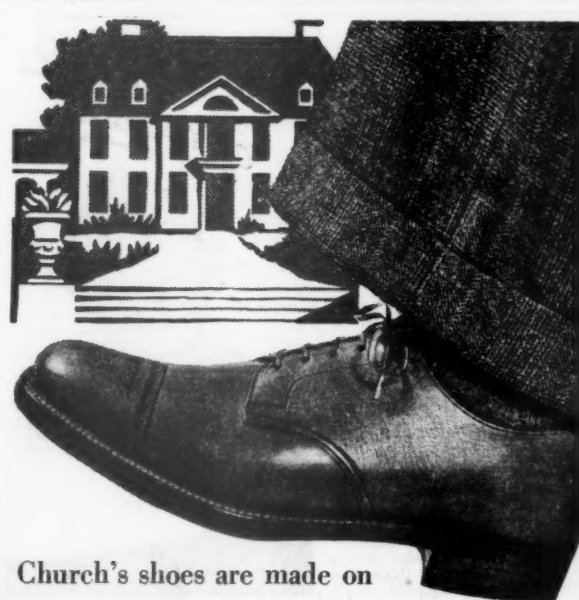
Safeguard Your Teeth!



With **KENT** Exclusive
BLENDED BRISTLES

• AVOID ABRASIVE ACTION. • PREVENT INJURY TO ENAMEL AND GUMS.

KENT OF LONDON
Best British Brushes



Church's shoes are made on famous lasts by men whose feeling for leather is in tune with the needs of modern comfort.

Church's
famous English Shoes
made by Church's of Northampton

PRINTED FOR THE
BREWERS' SOCIETY



**THE
GREEN MAN**

THE GREEN MAN, like the inn itself, is one of the traditional symbols of merrie England. Clad in the leaves of the forest he greeted Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575. He wielded fireworks at pageants, cleared the way for processions and was altogether a very popular character with the public. Many a "Green Man" stands today where once there was forest land. Though the forests have gone, the inn keeps alive the old traditions and the old spirit which have made England what she is.

Engraving specially designed by John Farleigh

'Make the
most of
each loaf'

Hovis

for **HEALTH
AND VIGOUR**

BEST BAKERS
BAKE IT

Macclesfield

**Hooray
for Gor-ray**



Loud cheers for the new GOR-RAY non-austerity skirt! See how the eight clever pleats fade gracefully into the flattering waist line. It's not expensive, the material is good and the best shops everywhere stock it. Be sure to look for the genuine GOR-RAY label

GOR-RAY
Registered

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W1

Courtaulds

The Greatest Name
in Rayon



FASHION has come back and Courtaulds Rayons are coming back also, although not yet available in abundance.

When making a new addition to your wardrobe, remember the advantages of thinking in terms of dresses and lingerie that keep the freshness which the "Tested Quality" mark ensures.



By APPOINTMENT
TOILET SOAP MAKERS
TO H.M. THE KING

Bronnley

Makers of
FINE SOAPS
for Fifty Years

You will find
the Luxury of
Bronnley Soap
is ample
reward for
your patience.

H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.
LONDON, W.6



"When will she
be better?"

Quick recovery depends on
the metabolic rate

THE metabolic rate is the technical name for the rate of the processes constantly going on in our bodies, such as digestion and replacement of energy.

During illness the metabolic rate, or the "living rate," is slowed down. Food is needed to speed it up, yet often food is distasteful to the patient. For this reason doctors advise tempting, digestible soups, broths, and meat extracts.

Clinical tests in a famous research institute have proved that, of these, Brand's Essence is outstandingly successful in stimulating the rate of metabolism. Moreover, a spoonful of Brand's Essence is always tempting. Once the metabolism is stimulated, appetite begins to return and recovery is hastened. Brand's Essence is 3/- a bottle.



**BRAND'S
ESSENCE**

**Cow & Gate?—
of course**



"What is Mummy busy with over there? I know! My COW & GATE—Goody!"

It is a happy fact that babies do love Cow & Gate. It builds fine specimens of healthy, happy childhood.

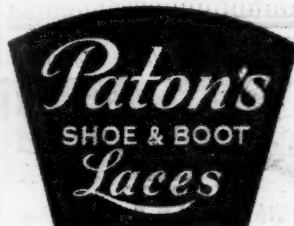
Be wise—do not take a chance with such a vital thing as your baby's food. Cow & Gate Milk Food is the best substitute when natural feeding fails.

3829

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"THE FOOD OF ROYAL BABIES"



Wise in judging
Many cases
Verdict goes to
Paton's Laces.



From your retailer

WM. PATON LTD. · JOHNSTONE · SCOTLAND



(Soon)

*"With beaded bubbles
winking
at the brim"*

Schweppes



The road back to normal is widening out. Although supplies are still regulated, you will soon be able to specify—and obtain—the tyres of your choice. Experienced motorists will keep in mind the proved excellence of NORTH BRITISH Tyres.

**NORTH
BRITISH**
Tyres



THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY LTD. EDINBURGH AND LONDON

T.31

QUEEN ANNE

RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

**IN THE
BETTER PLACES**



By Appointment
**HILL THOMSON &
CO. LTD.,
EDINBURGH**

Holders of Royal
Appointment to
successive Sove-
reigns since 1838

HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD
EDINBURGH. Est. 1793

**Your Hair Brush
rebristled—**

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
(Dept. L.)

64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

"My word! You've had
a good shave
this morning"



-He's changed to
COLGATE
Brushless
SHAVE CREAM

It's the modern way to smooth, cool, easy shaving without stinging or burn. Try it for yourself. Wet your face. Spread on some Colgate Brushless. Then shave!

1/10½ & 3/- Including Tax

ah! oh!
SOLO
REAL
ORANGE JUICE



You'll see it again soon!

Now! Ask for **SOLO**

BITTER ORANGE MARMALADE
LIMITED SUPPLIES AVAILABLE



By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers
to H.M. The King
McVitie & Price Ltd.

Say...
"McVITIE'S"
the word before
Biscuits-

Made by
McVITIE & PRICE LTD.
Edinburgh • London • Manchester

LEMCO

1865-1946

The Original Extract
of BEEF

OXO Limited regret that owing to the continued high cost of Beef Extract, an increase in the price of Lemco in Jars can no longer be avoided. Prices from 1st September will be:—2 oz. 2/3d., 4 oz. 4/2d., 8 oz. 8/1d., 16 oz. 16/-. Supplies will be very limited.



PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED • LONDON

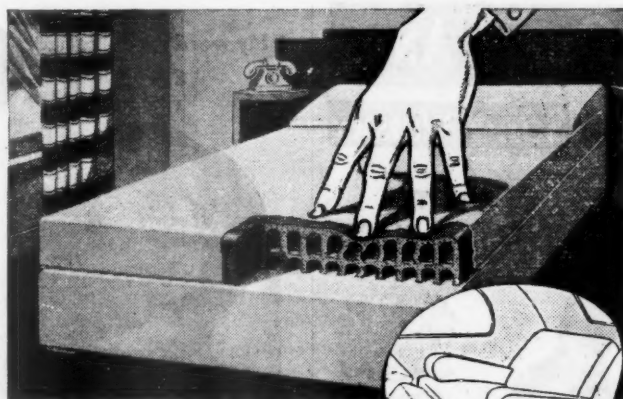


AUTUMN AHEAD

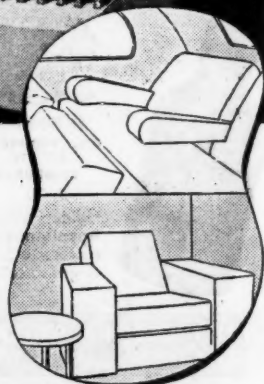
The nearer we get to autumn the more a man should think of Austin Reed's. For at Regent Street there are always useful items, from overcoats to socks, which help him to prepare snug winter quarters. And his strategic plan should include frequent visits to Austin Reed's to survey the ever-changing stock situation.

AUSTIN REED
of Regent Street

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES • LONDON TELEPHONE : REGENT 6789



The greatest
contribution to
comfort and hygiene
ever devised...



DUNLOPILLO

LATEX FOAM CUSHIONING

Present production is limited to a few priority lines

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., RICE LANE, WALTON LIVERPOOL 9



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXI No. 5515

September 11 1946

Charivaria

SOME countries which remained neutral during the war have been refused membership of the United Nations. Thus they will have to remain neutral during the peace.

"It was in a queue that I first met the lady who subsequently became my wife," says a correspondent. This seems to disprove the oft-repeated assertion that many women don't know what they are queueing up for.



Rationing slows up British athletes, Mr. Sidney Wooderson thinks. Nevertheless, it is satisfactory to note that he is so often at the head of the queue.

We read of a scientist who is spending the summer studying ants. Life is just one big picnic to some people.

When he visited London recently Mr. LaGuardia took a trip on the Underground. Apparently he had heard that American soldiers had tired out the taxis.

"WANTED, Reliable Housekeeper: 3 in family: good cook: all duties: age 35 to 45: state salary first letter: laundry goes out."

Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."

Ah! But when does it come back?

A Sunday newspaper recalls that eighty-nine years ago mysterious "Devil's footprints" were found on the walls of houses in Devon. To-day such a ruse would be scoffed at by the squatters.

Another subtle indication of the state of affairs is that newspaper readers now turn to the front page for their bad news instead of going straight to the racing results.

Hedge-Hopping

"The systematic flying over our territory in Upper Slovenia by Allied transport and passenger planes has not been accidental erring from routes or on account of weather, but intentional and arbitrary acts by Allied pilots who do not respect our sovereignty and who fly over our territory without permission in order to shorten the way, as they themselves state," Tito declared.

Evening paper.

The expenses of maintaining a play on tour are very heavy. As every aspiring dramatist knows, stamps for the return journey *must* be enclosed.

A friend of ours, on holiday at the seaside, writes to say that his mackintosh is getting nicely brown.



Good progress was reported at a recent Foreign Ministers' meeting in Paris. Much ground was cleared for erecting barriers on.

Bargain for Non-Listener

"Radiogram minus pick-up, radio and motor; in good cond.; £10."—*Advt. in suburban paper.*

Recently there was a plague of adders in Penzance. They are believed to have been sent by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

The Printing Trade dispute is now under review by a Court of Inquiry set up by the Ministry of Labour. Meanwhile we are still publishing under difficulties. As soon as there is a settlement of the dispute larger-sized issues will be published to make compensation for what has been lost.

Nothing Like Leather

WE have long felt that there are not enough Industrial Commentaries in the pages of this paper. Yet these things are the very stuff of modern history. Statistics and more statistics. Co-operation, co-ordination, committees: they stir the imagination of every good citizen and make the red ink pulse in his veins.

To remedy this defect we ordered a representative to present us with a short summary of the *Board of Trade Working Party Report on Boots and Shoes*. "But make it," we said, "rather more vivid in style, rather more picturesque in detail than is the common wont. Take as your model some such work as Miss Edith Sitwell's account of Tudor England in *Fanfare for Elizabeth*. You might call it *Fun Fair for Stafford Cripps*, or some such name; let there be colour, imagination and poetry to kindle the dry sticks of our theme."

He brought us the results rather diffidently, we thought, and began to read them aloud:—

Who are these pale ghosts that move with bat-like wings, now slowly, now rushing forwards with high brittle shrieks into the bright gold of the September sunlight that tips the first fallen leaves with glittering fire, boding other redder fires—these dusky ghosts that flutter forwards to seem part of the presage of autumn, with their high oval faces under hats tinged with green mould, the green shine touching also the seats of their trousers, and the elbows of their short dark surtouts?

They are members of the Working Party set up by the Board of Trade, sent forth from their Council Chamber, sent forth to submit their findings on footwear to the Apocalypse of the Stationery Office, rustling, scampering, shuffling forwards, their vespertilian duties done. They have made fifty-eight recommendations with one main dissenting memorandum, and two further short memoranda of dissent. They have recommended the abolition of the tied-lease system—

Ourselves. Tied lace?

Our Representative. Tied lease. The tied-lease system imposed by the American-owned British United Shoe Machinery Company.

Ourselves. Call it the BUSM. It sounds more beautiful.

Our Representative. We do, and shall. See them scamper, shrieking, flapping their dark portfolios as they race along the diamonded grass, as they lay stress on the variations in productivity and the need for a new Advisory Board to stimulate increased competition, as they skip, pirouette, play leap-frog—

Ourselves. Did you see them doing this?

Our Representative. I'm telling you. See them scamper, pale motes in the sunshine, etiolated dancers to doom. Did they think of all the old cobblers, sticking to their lasts, who lurked in the shadows of the bright leaves, mocked at them, pointed long fingers, made whistling noises, cried "Ho, ho" at them as they scurried madly across the sunlit park, carrying their rustling sheaves of notes in their white thin hands? To what music are they dancing, these dusky ghosts? To what tunes do they foot the steps that should be taken to improve the flow of output and variations of productivity in the trade? To the sound, perhaps, wafted from some grey window, across a crumbling sill, of "Shake a Trot" or "Shall I go walk through the woods so wild?" To the music possibly on some wild pipe of "My Lady's Slipper" or "The Antio Hey" or "Fallen Arches" or "The Copper's Beat." To the shrill plaintive melody of "Light she was and like a fairy, and

her shoes were number nine," to "Sellinger's Round," to "Long Foot of Garioch," to "Great Thumping Beetle-crushers," to "Tippity-tappit" or "Hey nonny, nonny, a heel for my shoe."

If they see the old cobblers jeering, flouting them in the shadows, they pay no heed to them; they brush them aside, they press on through Leicester, Northampton, through Norwich, Bristol, Stafford and the Valley of Rossendale—

Ourselves. I thought they were going to His Majesty's Stationery Office.

Our Representative. You don't let them have any amusements. They are setting up a new organization to be called The Shoe Manufacturing Services Board. The President of the Board of Trade will appoint the Chairman, six members will represent the manufacturers, three the trade unions, three more the trade interests at the raw material and distribution ends, and the last three will represent the research association, the design centre and the national institution of the industry. This Board will be empowered to collect statistics and data from firms essential for promoting the efficacy of the industry.

Ourselves. I see. And shall we have any shoes?

Our Representative. I don't know. Watch them scamper—

Ourselves. Oh, shut up. I think you had better go and deal with coal output, or Argentine meat.

Our Representative. Very well. What are those thin high shadows, in slashed jerkins and pointed hats, rushing forward to the sound of a great wind—

Ourselves. That will do.

EVOE.

Paint

COLOUR is coming back to London's houses, colour to win the eye from the drab and the gloomy, from the boarded and scarred

reminders of long-ago battles, from the bitter, dry greyness of rubble. Colour is coming back. Regard

the ladders, the paint-pots, the overalls. There are signs of it everywhere.

This morning, turning into a little street dreaming away the hours

was like entering a garden, after the dingy thoroughfare. The houses were gay and shining; they had become as flowers

in the wilderness; delphiniums, roses, occurred to the colour-starved mind, and the fresh green glory of Spring. The street smiled like a bride

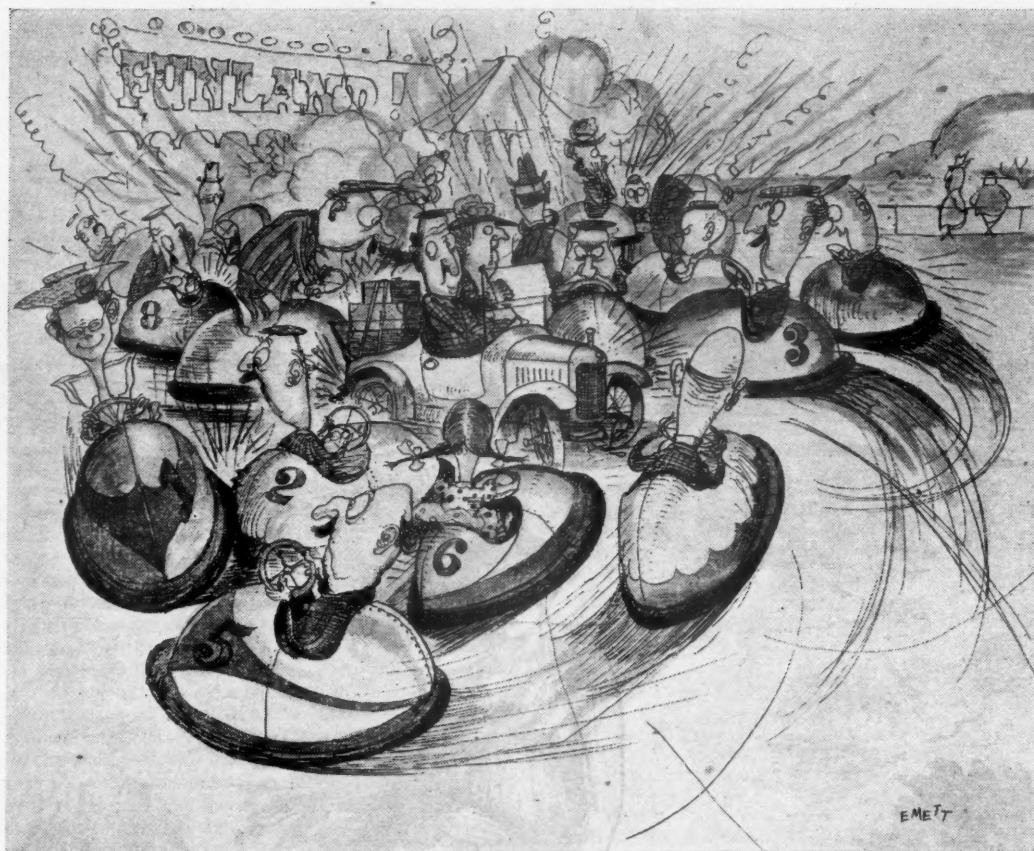
on the passer-by. It was as though someone had raised a blind in this shabby old London of ours and given us back our pride.

Impending Apology

"On Sunday, June 16th, Rev. Canon N. G. Matthews gave a talk on George Borrow, entitled 'The Greatest English Liar.' Canon Matthews is eminently suited to speak on the subject and gave us a graphic account of Borrow's life."—*School magazine*.



CERES 1946



"There! I TOLD you it wasn't the Car Park!"

Normandy, 1946

III

FRENCH bus-drivers still light their pipes while changing into bottom gear up very steep hills, but they still drive superbly, and the dynamism of their methods makes it a pleasure to sit behind them. I am in the workmen's bus for Cabourg and it is very early in the morning. It appears that although transport has recovered remarkably in this part of France, there are large gaps in the middle of the day. Most train and bus routes seem to be working (and this represents a formidable stride in reconstruction), but the shortage of vehicles makes it necessary to concentrate services at workers' times. This suits me, for French workmen are excellent company and there is a lot

to be said for arriving for breakfast. One can always go to bed afterwards.

Our driver, who also combines in one cheerful and muscular body the functions of conductor with that of regional intelligence officer, knows everyone at every halt, and our progress is therefore something of a triumphal procession. Has he heard about Mme. Puget-Theniers? Of course he has heard about Mme. Puget-Theniers. He knew all about that one three days ago: She is already much restored. What is more, Mlle. Benodet will go to the altar in spite of everything. And as for M. Balleroy, well, it is perhaps not for him to say, but just wait. . . . All goes smoothly until Dives-sur-mer, where crisis precipitates

itself outside the *boulangerie*. One moment the little street is empty, the next, on the bare suspicion that a suitcase is detaching itself from the roof, every house contributes an anxious representative. It is as if René Clair or Duvivier has blown a magic whistle. Our driver mounts aloft by the iron ladder at the back, and a good deal of thumping goes on above us, bicycles, hens and prams getting the worst of it; but the running commentary from the trained observers on the pavement indicates that the calamity is not yet averted, and it remains for a man in shirt-sleeves with a Caporal in his mouth to come forward with a long broom and solve our problem by judicious poking from the gutter. At

this fortunate conclusion we are all excessively content, and the driver, laying his pipe aside, breaks into a song which carries us happily into Cabourg.

UN ARTILLEUR LÈGUE AU MUSÉE
DE MARGATE LE POTEAU BELISHA
QU'IL AVAIT ARRACHÉ ÉTANT
IVRE

Paris-Matin

There I have breakfast in a café and my first experience of current French bread—I mean just what I say—when it is stale. It is darker than ours, and after its first flush pretty grim. Alas, those crackling rolls! This stuff must come hard on the French. There is plenty of coffee, however, and a little butter, and better than any jam a notice on the wall which says: "Ce Soir—Manifestation de Tennis de Table."

The front at Cabourg has suffered, more from blast than shot, but villas and hotels lying behind are occupied again. It is a nice quiet little place, as Proust-readers will have deduced for themselves. The most exciting thing about it at the moment is the *Exposition de Deminage de Calvados* in a damaged hotel above the *plage*. What has happened about German mines is a question I badly want to ask, and here are all the answers. On tables there are scale models of strips of coast showing the most common arrangement, an anti-personnel belt sandwiched between two anti-tank belts, and round the walls in cases are graphic reconstructions of the ways in which the Hun hid his surprise packets, many of which were British, Belgian and Dutch. But I learn more outside, from the one-armed boy at the *guichet*. The process of clearing Calvados began in April '45. By the end of June of this year all the beaches were officially clear, one seventh of the cultivable land was fully clear and one half nearly so. Stout work, but very perilous; the figures for June alone are 125 German P.O.W.s killed and 175 wounded, 25 French supervisors killed and 35 wounded. At that point 3,200 P.O.W.s were employed and 200 Frenchmen. After all, say the French, who put the things there? *Deminage* goes on, and from time to time one hears a solid crump in the offing.

This boy joined up with the Americans when his village was liberated, lost his arm in Belgium and then had a long spell in hospital in England. He is a brave type all right. "M'sieu," he says, and his eyes show

he means it, "please tell them in England how grateful I am for all they did. Your cigarettes, your so beautiful beetère-beer, and your incomparable darts!" "Have you brought darts back with you to Calvados?" "Non, m'sieu, every region has its recreation, and ours is above all the baccarat!"

DEMAIN VOUS POUVEZ GAGNER
10 MILLIONS LE NOUVEAU GROS
LOT DE LA LOTERIE NATIONALE!!!

It is raining madly, so I cut my swim and go to lunch in a neat small restaurant where before the war four shillings would have covered everything. It comes to just over a pound, half a bottle of claret costing eight shillings! On the other hand it is good. If you can bear it: hors d'œuvres, grilled sole, steak, chips, salad, Pont l'Évêque and a peach. The patron says he is dressing his salads with milk because he has no olive oil. "In the south they have it, but then they have no butter." France seems like that. He adds that meat is no trouble at all in Calvados, but that his *pension* charge, with taxes up, is now 800 a day, the equivalent of £1 13s. 0d. Weekly rates are a thing of the past.

The rain stops and I begin walking back to Deauville by the coast. On one side of the road L'Hostellerie de Guillaume le Conquérant, fairly large, on the other, minute but not to be outdone, Le Café d'Hastings. Up, private enterprise! . . . Houlgate, slightly battered but in full swing, and on its *plage* a large notice: "Professeur de Natation, Style Crawl, Education Physique, Jeux Sportifs, Concours de Plage, Maître de Gymnastique Bicycle." An enviably pigmented giant is showing a gang of dancing children how to throw a medicine-ball. There are ladders and chutes and swings and, to crown all, a fine pennant of Mickey Mouse. An attractive small hotel catches my eye, and feeling like a Gallup sleuth I seek out the waiter and he tells me the daily *pension* is 600 (or £1 5s. 0d). It would have been, I suppose, about eight shillings. At a cross-roads near Villers I come on a Hun light-gun emplacement. The gun is still there, but the experienced locals have turned its side-shields into the village notice-board. I am thinking what a fit comment this is on war when a squadron of Meteors appears to have stalled just behind me. It is a jeep, driven by a Frenchman in the Royal Engineers who is doing something intimate to Trouville Harbour.

Would I like . . . ? There is nothing I should like better, for it is fearfully hot. We pass like thunder through Blonville and Benerville and draw up with a burst of cannon-fire in the courtyard of my princely hotel. At such exhibitionism the morning coats look on coldly. I serve out a tot of snuff and the sun shines again.

M. — a subi une légère intervention chirurgicale qui doit le tenir éloigné de ses fonctions pendant une dizaine de jours.

Liberté de Normandie

We leave Deauville early in the morning, so we must go to the Casino to-night to gloat over the scenes of vice and turpitude from which we in our island nunnery are so thoughtfully excluded. . . . The deadly game of *boule*, insidious corrupter of the young, is in evidence, and at least twenty people are lackadaisically indulging themselves. The vile monsters roulette and baccarat are mercifully hidden from the eye. An excellent band relays the latest American philosophy. And a bevy of sensible, admirably behaved young French people dance and intoxicate themselves with—lemonade! The two things which strike one immediately are, first, this is not at all a smart crowd, and second, these little groups of middle-class girls and boys unencumbered by chaperons are surely something new in French life? The dresses are charming but simple, and on the male side every style is to be seen, from a stout man in tails to one, I am afraid, with leather patches on his elbows. But let us not pry into that.

ERIC.

Disillusionment

SHYNESS and modesty, they said,
Will bring love to your side,
Seek not to gild the gingerbread;
Dear heavens, how they lied!

The ointment pots are full of flies,
And bitter is the cup
For those of us who drop our eyes
And no one picks them up.

V. G.

Notable Advance

"The English Divorce Law is to be changed next week. A decree nisi can now be made obsolete after six weeks instead of six months."—*Nigerian paper*.

At the Pictures

STRANGER AND SADDER

I CAN'T help it if I was continuously interested and often pleased by the new ORSON WELLES film. *The Stranger* does not go deep into the springs of human conduct and reveals no mighty truth (I used those words of a film years ago, but if you remember what it was, you're a fan, or it's a striking coincidence); but should meritorious work of a minor sort be greeted with angry disappointment if it comes from a man who has shown himself capable of greater things? If an absolutely first-rate limerick were traced, with great difficulty, to Shakespeare, would it suddenly become a third-rate limerick? If you say "Yes," stop reading here.

Not that Mr. WELLES is Shakespeare, or *The Stranger* a limerick; but of its unimportant kind I think it's good, and I don't see why it shouldn't be praised. Its moral is the almost wearisomely familiar one that the Nazis are getting ready to "strike again," and will strike again if we are not alert to weed them out of their hiding-places. However, the story is absorbing enough to make us forget to consider the moral. Improbable it is; yet it is absorbing enough, and full enough of well-handled suspense, to make us forget to bother about probability.

You may not believe that one of the worst Nazis could so well pose as a good American as to deceive, not only mere acquaintances in the Connecticut town where he has become a professor at the college, but also a nice, intelligent girl (LORETTA YOUNG)—enough to marry her. You may detect even additional improbabilities—such as the fact that he has so little command over himself as to doodle a swastika (the wrong way round) while making a telephone-call in a public booth. The fact remains that these things matter little in comparison with the skill with which the piece is made. The interest of the pursuit and unmasking of this villain by the relentless but somewhat

heavy-footed Wilson (EDWARD G. ROBINSON), and the extreme pleasure given by some of the acting (notably that of BILLY HOUSE as Mr. Potter the storekeeper) and direction (as in the

minor thriller well out of the chronicles of wasted time.

But what has been done to SID FIELD is very sad. *London Town* (Director: WESLEY RUGGLES) bogs him in nearly two hours of tedium, none the less hard to bear for being highly-coloured. It rather looks as if the producers said "Here's a very funny comedian, but nobody knows him as a straight actor. We'll do what the Americans did with the similar problem of Danny Kaye." Well, I suppose *London Town* with SID FIELD is meant to be the British equivalent of *Up In Arms* with Danny Kaye: turns by the comedian to form the plums, music and girls and Technicolor to form the feather-light, sweet, creamy cake holding them. The plums are indubitably there; on the three or four occasions when Mr. FIELD did his stage turns I very much enjoyed what was going on. (I could watch the "Slasher Green" one again and again with pleasure.) But the cake? To put it mildly, the cake has come out heavy. For one thing the rows of thickly-lacquered British beauties put up to smile into the camera when nothing particular is going on don't seem to have the secret of that fresh vitality that radiates from an American chorus in similar circumstances; for another, the music in *London Town* tends to be mostly of that jolly, simple, tum-te-tum-te-tum, let's-all-have-tremendous-

fun-together, quick-step variety that I—it may be a nasty un-English prejudice of mine—find irritating. Also I resent the barefaced manner in which "The 'Ampstead Way" has (obviously) been manufactured and paraded and plugged in an attempt to repeat the success of "The Lambeth Walk" . . . the words being tinged rather more with American than with Cockney, so as not to spoil the U.S. market.

Yes, it's a disappointment. I'd sit through *Up In Arms* again for the sake of two turns by Danny Kaye; but I wouldn't sit through *London Town* again, even for the sake of four turns by SID FIELD.

(The report that they've since shortened the picture by deleting—of all things—one of these turns, is staggering.) R. M.



J.H.D.

[The Stranger

LADDER WORK

Prof. Charles Rankin ORSON WELLES

perfectly harmonized dinner-table scene) take what might have been a



J.H.DOWD

[London Town

UPPER LIP SERVICE (SYMPATHETIC)

Jerry Sanford SID FIELD
Belgrave CLAUDE HULBERT

What HAS happened to the bluff, straightforward Britisher? Observe him nowadays trying to obtain anything from a sleeping berth to a shirt stud, and note how he's changed into—

For example



either a "You-know-me-don't-you,"



or a "I-happen-to-be-an-intimate-friend-of-your-managing-director,"



or else an "Of-course-I-do-know-how-terribly-difficult,"



or perhaps a "Come-on-now-won't-you-please,"



or maybe a "Sir-John-said-you'd-probably,"



or possibly a "Mr.-Jones-said-you-might,"



or even a "Joe-sent-me" . . .



in other words, into anything from a "Now-you-really-can't-mean-to-stand-there-and-say"



to a mere "Woe-is-me."



In fact if it wasn't for the fellow behind the counter, I should be—



tempted to believe that there was no longer any—



good, honest, British bluff straightforwardness left at all.



"I suppose, dear, it's just a coincidence."

Mrs. Devanthy

WELL, if you ever touch Darlington now you should look up Mrs. Devanthy. Anyone will tell you the address, a darn good sport if she takes to you, a wonderful cheese and onion pasty she used to put up.

Many's the beer I've had on Ma Devanthy with her mackintosh marketing bags and black watered silk for Saturday. She used sometimes to help the girls out of their little troubles on the Q.T.—well, somebody has to, dear:

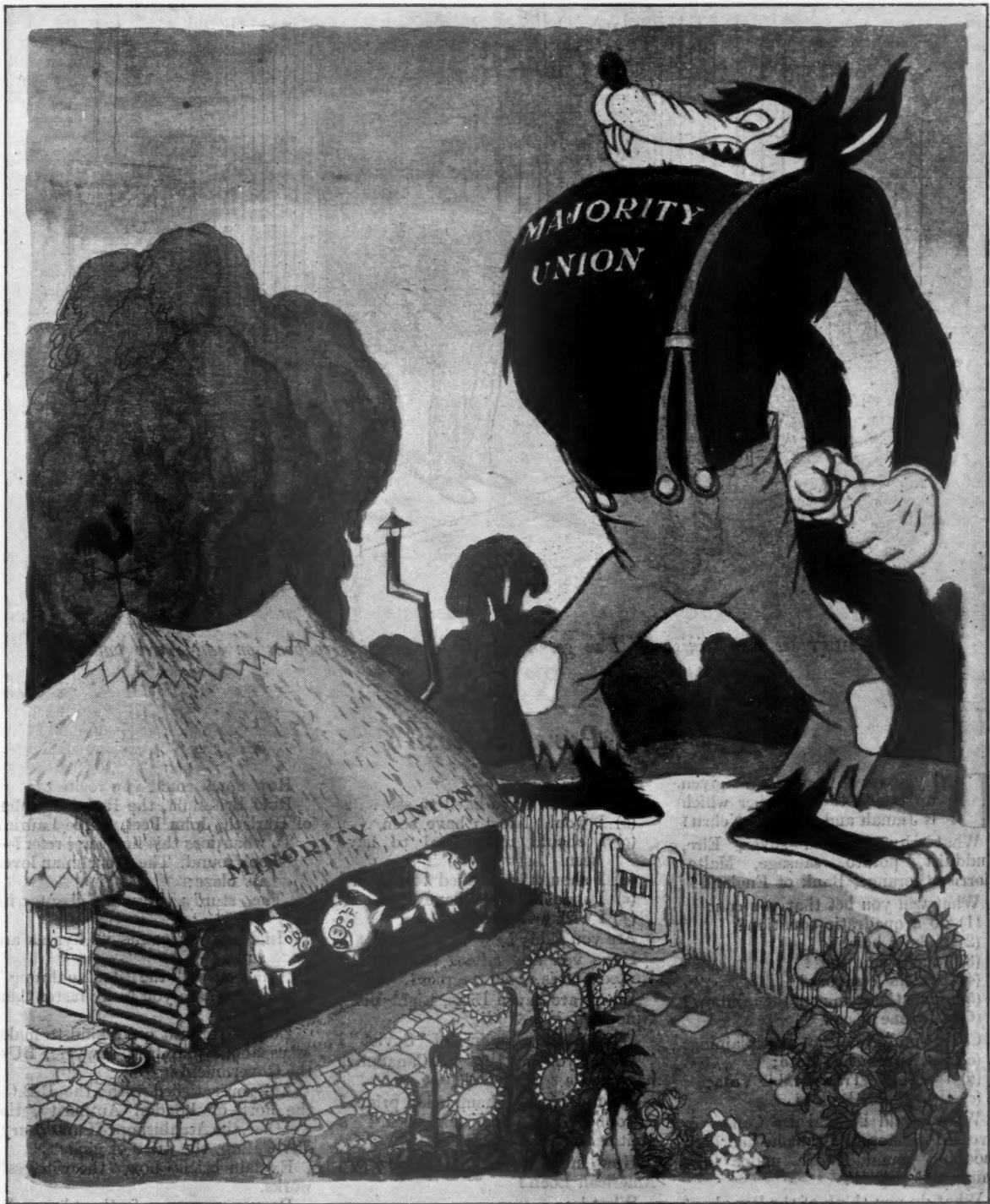
In those days I'm speaking of you could get something worth while for fivepence a pint, and a couple of the pies at the Olive Branch would see you through the matinée. Those were the days: Darlington, Londonderry, Hanley—there was a performance in Hanley of *Tannhäuser* I shall never forget,

two pounds a week I took for leading the contraltos and thought myself lucky . . . but I was saying

Mrs. Devanthy—oh, yes. The good soul, telling me the tale. You're different, she would say. They're not all like you, love, you get to spot them in my walk of life.

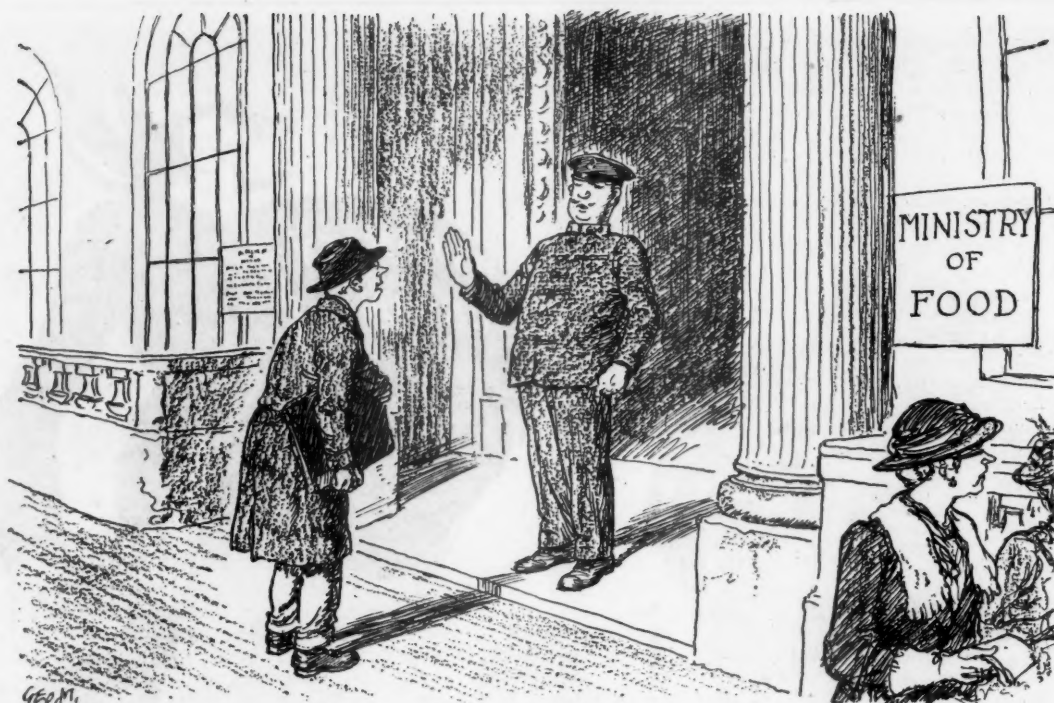
She said Bessie, she said, the minute I clapped eyes on you on the step, first time ever you come round with the Melody Maids, asking for a combined that terrible night I could have said WELCOME. You could have asked the shirt off my back and not gone empty away, said Mrs. Devanthy.

Yes, drop in, dear, if you go (you're bound to touch Darlington sooner or later). If the old soul's alive she'll fix you. Well, perhaps better not mention my name, just say you're from the theatre and has she a combined.



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

"I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house down."



"But I MUST see the Minister. I've got a scheme for printing coupons on edible rice paper."

Pure Curiosity

DO you swear you haven't given up trying to remember which is Jinnah and which is Nehru?

What rhymes with silver, Eire, Buddhist, potato, sausage, Malta, Morrison, orange, Bank of England?

What will you bet that you can:

- (1) do a quadratic equation?
- (2) make a bowline?
- (3) touch your toes?
- (4) box the compass?
- (5) name the colours of the rainbow?
- (6) find one open?

Could you have a shot at explaining:

- (a) the Alternative Vote;
- (b) the Single Transferable Vote;
- (c) the Second Ballot?

What would be said if a Conservative M.P. announced that he had been snooping round Russia under false name and papers?

What do you think of the law about salvage? Does it strike you as pretty ghoulish and unmatey? If a lady falls down in the street and you pick up her bag do you claim half the value?

Which is correct?—

- (a) I would have liked to see . . .
- (b) I would like to have seen . . .
- (c) I should have liked to have seen . . .
- (d) I should have liked to see . . .
- (e) I should like to have seen . . .
- (f) I wish I had seen . . .

Are you giddy?

Have you any advice to offer the United States about negroes?

Where are Seven Dials, Eight Bells, Nine Elms?

What is the meaning of "Soviet"?

Would you say that the Canaanites have had a square deal?

A pundit is a Mohammedan prince? a robber? an Australian bear? a political message? a fruit?

How much are you enjoying the American Loan?

What is:

- (a) "The brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown";
- (b) "The grand inquest of the nation"?

How much could you recite of: Rule Britannia, the Red Flag, Men of Harlech, John Peel, Annie Laurie?

To what does this fine verse refer?—"Look round. The Frenchman loves its blaze;

The sturdy German chants its praise.

In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung.

Chicago swells the listening throng." How keen are you to fly faster than sound?

Do you think it quite kind to make jokes about plumbers, lawyers, BUs, the Government?

Are you satisfied with: the B.B.C., the Port of London Authority, the weather, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Gallup, the price of gin?

Explain briefly how "the wireless" works.

Do you ever pass farther down the car?

Why don't the fortune-tellers make fortunes out of "Budget secrets"? Or do they?

If you have a leaky rain-cask which holds twenty gallons, but leaks at the rate of fifteen gallons a month, and fills with rain at the rate of nine gallons a month in summer and twelve in winter, why not get a new cask?

Is it true that a Royal Commission has been dug out alive at Bath?

Did you notice that two starving Europeans won the Lawn Tennis Championship and the Diamond Sculls?

Where is Eros?

How often do you give up your seat to a lady?

How long do you think you could stand an argument with Molotov?

Why do all these young women wear dark glasses?

And do you think they have cotton-wool in their ears?

What would you do about India, Palestine, Egypt, the Sudan, coal, inflation?

Do you see a ray of hope?

A. P. H.

Mr. Green

"I WISH," said Mrs. McWhillis as we came out of the general shop together, "I do wish you would sometimes employ my odd man."

Frankly, I do not want an odd man. This was, however, definitely a gesture from Mrs. McWhillis, who is considered locally as "difficult," and I was gratified.

"I should be delighted," I replied.

"Thank you so much. He is the dearest old fellow. For gardening and such duties as cleaning plate . . . but especially gardening. Not thatching. He has done no thatching. He cannot stand heights . . . But he can turn his hand to most things. I do believe, if called upon, he could build a bungalow."

My bungalow being already built, this did not appeal to me.

"But how can you spare such a valuable odd man?" I asked.

"I allow my neighbours to share him. Mrs. Heemder borrows him on Mondays, that is, some Mondays; Miss Eddy claims him on Tuesdays. You—let me see—you shall have him on Wednesday. Will that suit you? In fact you can have him on Thursday. . . ."

"Thank you very much. Wednesday will be enough. What do I pay him?"

"What you can afford. When I am in funds I pay him lavishly. At other times a cup of cocoa must suffice. . . ."

As she glided gracefully away she called back over her shoulder: "He was a marine."

Whatever inducement Mrs. McWhillis

had offered me to employ her paragon, none would have moved me so completely as her last remark. I esteem marines as an able and ornamental part of His Majesty's Forces, and I was glad to entrust one with my garden.

On Wednesday morning an elderly man wearing a very old bowler and a glum expression knocked at my back door.

"Mrs. McWhillis, she did tell I that you want your garden dug up."

Mrs. McWhillis had overstated the case. The garden was already dug up. But I felt I must explain to an ex-marine.

"Not digging up," I said carefully. "I had it dug up when I first came. The builders sent a man. I am sorry. Otherwise you could have done it."

He showed some impatience at my attempt to explain.

"Mrs. McWhillis did say dig up the garden. Baint there any that ain't dug up?" he said, morosely surveying my quarter-acre.

"No. But come across the lawn and I will show you another job. Have you brought any tools?"

"I'm using yours," he replied, "and your barrer."

The very faintest revulsion seized me as I looked at his horrible bowler and the black pipe he clung to while he rummaged among the tools in the shed. At last he selected a spade, both hoes (Dutch and chopping), a fork, and the shears. I felt I had misjudged him.

"Look over there," I said, "where the lupins reach to the hurdle edge. I want a narrow path dug beside the lupins. You will be careful, won't you, not to injure the lupins?"

"They're naught but weeds," he said; "you'd ought to get rid of 'em, being so many."

I restrained my vexation and merely said, "Well, I like lupins," and went indoors.

From the scullery window I had a good look at my new gardener as he slowly stripped off his coat. The standard of height had evidently been raised since this marine had served his country. Not in his most upright youth could he have been more than five foot three. Perhaps he was a permanent drummer-boy.

At eleven o'clock I took him out a cup of tea. When I saw the devastation he had caused I nearly threw it over him.

He had dug up the lupins and thrown them in a heap. He was slashing down the last as I came up. The path was not even marked out.

"I thought I told you not to touch the lupins," I said.

"Aye, ye did. But they be weeds."

"And what about the path?"

"I don't see as you want a path 'ere. Put it there," pointing with his pipe northwards, "or there," pointing to the west, "but 'ere it'll be just a cluttering."

I remember handing him the tea in a kind of waking swoon. Then I came to my senses and realized my dilemma.

If I acted on my present impulse and drove him from my garden, never to return, I should make enemies of Mrs. McWhillis, her family, the ex-marine, his wife and children, and all those inhabitants of the village who could not mind their own business—practically the whole neighbourhood. This was unthinkable.

"Well," I said mildly, "while you were digging up the lupins you could have started the path."

He dramatically dashed his pipe to the ground—almost.

"I know all about paths and gardens and I won't be drove. Lupins be weeds and I won't work with lupins. I've lived in this village sixty-eight years, and anyone'll tell you I've never been drove." He pressed more shag into his pipe, his hands trembling with annoyance.

"Oh, well," I said. "It can't be helped. How much do I owe you?"

Evidently not a day to offer a cup of cocoa.

"Four shillings. And I'll be in on Wednesday."

"Mrs. McWhillis said you were obliging," I could not resist saying.

He laughed bitterly. "Mrs. McWhillis always weers a wool," he said, and dodged out of the gate.

I went round to Mrs. McWhillis and told her my story.

"Oh dear," she cried merrily; "and did you really try to make the old dear do the garden your way? What fun! I wish my husband had been there to see it. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You told me he had been a marine," I said. "He does not look like one."

"A marine? Never! I said his name was Green. I am so grateful to you for taking him off my hands once a week—the stubborn old mule!"

Sidelight on the Peace Conference

"A permanent first aid centre has been installed in the Palace of Luxembourg for use of Peace Conference delegates. A doctor and a nurse are in constant attendance. An ambulance stands in reserve in a near-by police station. Four beds are kept vacant in the hospital Marmottan for any casualty which might occur."—Daily paper.



"Yes, mother."

Trends

TO readers with the sort of mind that cannot see "pious" without expecting hope and knows instinctively that tomes are massive and volumes slim, this is obviously going to be an article on present-day trends. I propose to deal, in fact, with some of the lesser-known findings of sociologists, statisticians and psychologists, and to begin with no less a situation than that arising from the modern telephone.

The most notable trend of the modern telephone, apart from its tendency to dust under the chromium part of the dial, is its stern habit of deciding that we shall be able to dial some numbers at the first go and others apparently not at all. (Statisticians cannot remember if telephones did this before the war, but then they cannot even remember if they got knots in their shoe-laces in those days.) The people who get their telephone numbers immediately are of no further interest to psychologists, except in the different ways they fidget around, the things they say when the other person answers, and so on, but the behaviour of people who find that nothing happens when they dial is well worth psychological study, and this, roughly, is how

they behave. Their first reaction, naturally enough, is anger, but an anger which varies from resignation to just plain anger, according to the temper they are in, whether they are in a hurry and how much they really want to ring that number anyhow. If there is someone else in the room they will draw comfort from crying "Would you believe it?" or "Typical!" and a feeling that this puts them level with the telephone. The next round is a bit of a test of character, or rather of temperament, for it is now that to some people's mental vision rises a board with pegs and tangles of wire. It looks rather like the back of their wireless set, but it is meant to be an automatic telephone exchange, and it is all rather hopeless. By discarding this mental vision and considering how after dialling the three letters of the exchange they get a sort of faint rattle and drop, and by wondering if they would get a better noise, more definite at the end, if they dialled slower or faster, and if it would help the switchboard if they waited longer before they went on to the figures, or left more space between the first two figures and the last, and by determining that this time they will not skimp the finish of that 9 they were not happy about last time—by thinking all this they are now ready to have a third attempt, which will be carried out quickly and crossly, as in the case of the other people who didn't have any mental vision during the second round but were just thinking they were being remarkably patient. Sociologists assess the fourth attempt as quiet and ominously slow, and the fifth as either what is called slamming down the receiver—actually replacing it carefully in case it cracks—or dialling the operator and deciding that it is better to try once more before settling down to wait all that long. As for when we do get the operator, I can only say that to complain to an operator is as foolish and human as we know it to be, but by this stage most of us have the idea that the telephone is human and will perhaps feel sorry for us and make up for it next time—an absurd idea, psychologists say; as if anyone didn't know that complaining into the telephone only sets it against us. Before I leave the modern telephone I must mention also a noticeable tendency for people in call-boxes to get our number instead of the one they want, and go on getting it; bringing us up from downstairs or down from upstairs over and over again, and driving us finally into making little speeches into the silence so that they will not waste another twopence. Psychologists say people making these little speeches are no more nervous than anyone else making a speech, and get the same feeling afterwards that their voices seem to them to have sounded pretty good to their audience.

The next trend I want to deal with is the poll, or cross-section of public opinion, which as my readers know happens all the time to other people but somehow misses them. As far as sociologists can judge—for it always misses them too—a cross-section of public opinion is taken by interrogators who stop people in the street or call on them in their homes; in other words, on the two occasions when they are looking their untidiest. Even so, human nature yearns secretly for a chance to prove its own intelligence, by which I mean its own independence from the rest of public opinion and yet its own right-mindedness in getting into the percentage that won. But all that human nature can do is read in its daily paper that yet another cross-section has been taken, note that the public has weighed in with the correct answer but could have done with its help, compare the reasons the public gave with how it would have said its own piece and found disappointingly little difference, check up the main addition sum to see that it makes a hundred, get lost among the percentages of the percentages, and end up with an idea that it is



"Now try again—don't grip the club too tightly, keep your eye on the ball . . ."

awfully clever and that surely one day it will get its reward. My readers may object that human nature does not always find that the majority of the public agrees with it—that sometimes, for example, fifty-three per cent. may have quite the wrong idea on some very important question. Well, sometimes this is so, and I need hardly mention the militant indignation such results rouse, or how clearly human nature sees itself, wearing its nicest clothes, being stopped in the street and giving someone a piece of its mind and even, to clinch matters, getting its photograph taken by an attendant cameraman.

All this delights the psychologists; and another modern trend they much appreciate is the way people write to the Sunday papers telling the editor small isolated facts about themselves. Psychologists, along with the other people who read the Sunday papers, realize that some of the smallness and isolation of the facts may be due to sub-editors, but they like to think also that some were written just like that, and because the writer would otherwise have burst. I expect a great many of my readers have suddenly found the fact that they do one shoe up before the other, or that their birthday is the same day as both their grandfathers', too much to keep to themselves, but I think I am not mistaken in saying that they don't write to their Sunday paper about it, simply because letters to editors, like expressions of opinions for cross-sections, tend to come from other people. Mention of birthdays reminds me of another modern trend, that of birthday-holders to laugh their birthdays off; at least statisticians say they have noticed this more lately, but add that it may be just that they laugh their own birthdays off more as they get older. The very young, even statisticians admit, seem to

have the same kind of birthday as ever, and if the older generation feels towards these birthdays that it is lending a hand for kindness' sake in a fading ritual, it does not really believe it, any more than it believes no one learns to paint ready-drawn fruit any more just because it has lost sight of its own paint-box.

I want to say a word on the modern attitude to ink. In the old days ink was always blue-black; that is, it started a rather thick dark-blue and dried muddier. Nowadays we have only to see an ink-shop to realize that the public seeks colour in its ink, even if we ourselves go no further than the blue. With so much coloured ink about it is not surprising that we have all in our time had letters written in green, and perhaps been very mildly surprised to find our address worked all right that way; it may even be that some of my readers themselves use green ink, in which case I bet they felt pretty literary when they bought the bottle, and pretty annoyed now they have lost it and are back on the inkwell. Telegrams, by the way, show two rather noteworthy modern trends—one is to be typed rather than written, and the other is, when written, to be in exactly the same writing telegrams always have been written in. My readers have only to think of the pencil loops, the very slight slope to the right and the J-like capital "I" to agree.

I haven't got the space for more than one or two rather random examples of other modern trends, of which perhaps the most random is that people do not tend now to heave away at broken zip-fasteners. At least, if they do, other people do not crowd round to have a go. There is a general idea now that a broken zip-fastener has had it. Lastly I must report a slight improvement in the match-buying world—of great sociological interest because the people who couldn't get matches before because they didn't ask because it would have been no good are still not getting them because they are still not asking; and feeling quite hurt when the rest of the household blames them for not being able to light the gas cooker.

For Your Stud Book

"A cross-bred Alsatian which has already brought up a fox and mother by a London man, Mr —, who said he had an Alsatian dog (cross-bred) which had already been foster mother to a fox and a monkey."—*Bristol paper.*



"I tell you the spot where we had our first quarrel is further on."

At the Play

"MESSAGE FOR MARGARET"
(WESTMINSTER)

"WHY have you come to tell me this?" asks *Margaret* of *Adelyn Chalcot*, who has invaded her flat within a week of the death of *Margaret's* husband to inform her coolly that for the last two years she has been his mistress. Why indeed? It is a vital question which *Adelyn* fails to answer at all satisfactorily. Mr. JAMES PARISH would have us believe that it is perfectly natural for a woman to wish to compare the quality of love she has had from a man with that which he has given the wife she has done her best to supplant; that to do so she would force herself on the widow in her grief and, taking no rebuff, bully her into an unwilling friendship; and that, having asked herself for the night on the thinnest of pretexts, would then say to the childless and broken creature "I am going to have a baby by your husband." None of this do we believe for a moment, for there is nothing in *Adelyn's* character to explain it. Such conduct as hers might perhaps have found a slender justification in one of two emotions: sheer idle curiosity for one, but *Adelyn* is not a vulgar woman; for the other technical interest, for she is a novelist, but even this is not developed. Undoubtedly some strange compulsion brings her repeatedly to *Margaret's* flat, but the nature of it seems beyond

Adelyn, Mr. PARISH and ourselves. And since he produced the play himself he has no excuse. Nor can we believe that *Margaret*, a brave and strong-minded woman, would have stood such treatment for five minutes. In fact it is two whole acts before she tries to murder *Adelyn*, and her forbearance in delaying the attempt so long simply doesn't hold water.

On this tottery premise, however, Mr. PARISH has built a play which is both moving and dramatic, and once we have reluctantly accepted the women's extraordinary relationship it goes from strength to strength. Goaded beyond herself, *Margaret* tries at the

end of the second act to push *Adelyn* off a broken balcony, after she has brought *Adelyn* and *Adelyn's* nice young husband together so that he can be persuaded to return for a little as a paternal umbrella; but the novelist's acute sense of the dramatic saves her. Instead it is the husband who goes over the edge the next morning and is killed, *Margaret* having forgotten to replace the warning notice. In the last and best scene she breaks the news to *Adelyn*, and when the storm is over the two women, all passion spent, are

is outstanding. Poised, calculating ruthlessness tempered by the insolent honesty of the egotist could hardly be more tellingly expressed. The two men of the quartet have much slighter parts, but Mr. EDGAR NORFOLK as the gently cynical publisher who stands by *Margaret* and Mr. JACK ALLEN as the balcony victim fill in the background with accomplished charm.

Miss RUTH KEATING has designed a room one would like to live in, Mr. DAVID KIDD some dresses one would like to live with—bar one blue, governessy sack of a thing which, if I were Miss ROBSON, I should relinquish to the nearest moth.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE"
(DUCHESS)

What is more baffling even than the course of this play is how anything of the sort can find its way to the stage of a capital city. You would think that in its journey from Miss ROSE FRANKEN's typewriter to the theatre its false sentiments, naïve drawing of character and amazing economics would have stuck in some filter of ordinary common sense. It is about a nice young couple in London whose happy life together, just begun again after the war, is temporarily blasted because, in accordance with the whim of a dying chum whose death-bed has been made more beautiful by reading them, the husband persuades his wife to publish her letters to him in Burma; and the letters, becoming a best-seller, put her at the mercy of boozy gossip-writers and dreadful chromium-plated

editresses. The girl sees the red light just in time and returns to her gas-stove and the arms of her strong, rather silent husband.

Miss DIANA CHURCHILL, Miss JOAN MARION, Miss KATHLEEN KENT, Mr. RONALD WARD and Mr. JULIAN DALLAS all deserve something much better, but particularly Miss CHURCHILL. It is only fair to add that between being photographed on the way in and yielding with ecstatic reluctance to the autograph-hunters on the way out the first-night audience showed hearty signs of approval. But I sometimes wonder if they would notice if there wasn't a play at all. ERIC.



AWAKENING TO FAME

Katherine Rogers Miss DIANA CHURCHILL
Alexander Craig Mr. RONALD WARD

for the first time in sympathy. *Adelyn* admits her own impossibility as a mother and agrees that the child shall be *Margaret's*. It is a very good scene indeed.

The treatment is firm and unheroic, the dialogue always interesting and the acting admirable. *Margaret* is a character made for Miss FLORA ROBSON, and she deals with her magnificently. For tearing us to shreds we have nobody to touch her. The power of her emotional understatement is terrific. What I have said against *Adelyn's* behaviour in relation to the play has nothing whatever to do with Miss BARBARA COUPER's performance, which

At the Opera

"THE RAPE OF LUCRETIA"
(SADLER'S WELLS)

THE Glyndebourne production of BENJAMIN BRITTEN's new opera *The Rape of Lucretia* has been brought to Sadler's Wells for presentation to the wide public that has been eagerly awaiting the successor to *Peter Grimes*. The new opera does not tell us anything that we did not know already about the composer, but we are able to admire once more his flow of invention, his wizardry in the art of orchestration (here he has only twelve players), his aptness in descriptive writing, his sense of the theatre, and the general brilliance of his score. If the music of *The Rape of Lucretia* is not a *tour de force* of the same magnitude as *Peter Grimes*, it is a notable achievement to be added to the young composer's rapidly-growing list.

A first hearing of this opera, however, leaves one with a sense of disappointment and the feeling that BRITTEN's great creative gifts have in this instance been largely wasted. An opera cannot be better than its libretto. The principal protagonists in RONALD DUNCAN's libretto are not the characters in the tragedy, but a male and a female Chorus who occupy the forefront of the stage, metaphorically as well as physically, throughout the whole of the action. They are like the disciple of Einstein who travelled faster than light and "Set out one day in a relative way And came back the previous night," for they announce in the prologue that they view the tragedy, which took place in 500 B.C., from a Christian standpoint. Not content with this, they announce also that they will "stand between this present audience and that scene." At first the full import of this threat is not realized by the spectator, but as the action goes on it becomes clear that they intend to carry it out to the letter, and with a glorious and even exhilarating disregard of time, space, congruity, logic and even grammar. All one can do is to sit and admire their beautiful bronze-green and blue Roman dresses and wish that fire would descend from heaven and strike them dead, or at least dumb. Sometimes they treat the audience to a chatty little disquisition on history, complete with references ("See *Virgil*, book two, verse five three four"); sometimes they indulge in a bit of local gossip ("The officers are not generally drunk so early"); they explain what is passing in the minds of the characters; they advise them what

to do; and, determined from the start to use the tragedy as a peg on which to hang a valedictory sermon on the Christian doctrines of sin and redemption, they suppress the end of the story while inquiring with brazen effrontery "Is it all?" One is by this time too stupefied to shout "No!"

BRITTEN has, however, given *The Rape of Lucretia* some moments of great beauty. The spinning song of *Lucretia* and her maids has a crystalline purity and serenity that expresses perfectly the idea of *Lucretia's* virtue and chastity; it would establish her beauty and nobility of character clearly in the mind of the audience if the libretto gave it a chance. There is a thrilling interlude descriptive of *Tarquinius's* ride to Rome; and

Lucretia's recital of her ravishment lacks nothing as a musical expression of grief and anguish.

The cast at Sadler's Wells is not the same as that of Glyndebourne, but they acquit themselves well. FLORA NIELSEN and AKSEL SCHIOTZ are the Chorus. JOHN PIPER's scenery and costumes are very pleasing to the eye. The conductor is REGINALD GOODALL, who secures a good ensemble and excellent playing from the orchestra.

D. C. B.

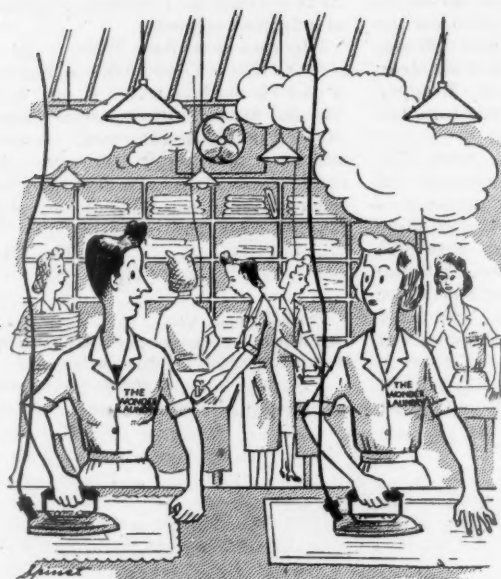
"Metropolitan Vicars have been given a £4,230,000 contract to build a 60,000-kilowatt electric power station in Turkey."

Worcestershire paper.

Ecclesiastical commission?



"Miss Sanderson—er, Phyllis—is it possible that we may have met before in some previous life—fire-watching, for instance?"



"I had to take this job before the laundry would accept me as a new customer."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Gilbert Thomas

Autobiography: 1891-1941 (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 12/6), the life-story of Mr. GILBERT THOMAS, essayist, critic and literary journalist, is interesting both as a personal record and as a social document. Born in 1891 of Nonconformist parents, Mr. THOMAS was able to develop a taste for literature which some decades earlier would have been frowned upon as irreligious in dissenting circles, and which nowadays would be regarded in the same environment as anti-social, or at least irrelevant to more important issues. After an unhappy time at school, his dislike of games isolating him from the other boys, GILBERT THOMAS secured a position in Chapman and Hall, where he found a sympathetic friend and adviser in the late Mr. Arthur Waugh, "nervous, vivacious, and dramatic: radiantly genial, yet withal possessed and masterly." Mr. James Milne, of the *Bookman*, and Mr. W. L. Courtney, of the *Fortnightly Review*, were also helpful and encouraging; and his early work attracted the notice of Mr. Alfred Noyes, with whom he used to go for walks over the Downs, of Mr. John Masefield, with whom he occasionally took tea at Hampstead, and of Mr. Arthur Benson, with whom he would sometimes lunch at Magdalene College. Then came the 1914-1918 war and six months in Wormwood Scrubs as a conscientious objector. This period, simply and excellently narrated, forms the most interesting part of Mr. THOMAS's story, and brings out most clearly the cheerful and accommodating disposition, tinged at times with complacency, which has supported the author through all the difficulties of his life.

H. K.

Madame de Sérilly

Few of us have given more than a passing thought to Anne-Marie de Sérilly, whose bust adorns the first landing of the Wallace Collection and whose boudoir *boiseries* fill a niche in the Victoria and Albert. Her tragic story, with its strong undertow of aristocratic courage running in vain opposition to the prevailing current of the French Revolution, is told with scholarly grace and notable human insight by Miss JOAN EVANS. Madame de Sérilly's career and circumstances have a curiously topical flavour; for she came of a nominally Christian élite whose religion and breeding had availed their land so little that the unconstructive envy of the mob that destroyed them was at least understandable. Tradition rather than personality seems to have seen Anne-Marie through her difficult life and her three marriages. The Terror found her in the Conciergerie, sentenced alongside Madame Elizabeth. Her first husband was guillotined. She, however, escaped by a ruse and spent the rest of her life in *The Pursuit of Happiness* (LONGMANS, 5/-) and in efforts to retrieve the patrimony of her children. Possibly, as her biographer suggests, her friend the Deist philosopher Joubert had her in mind when he wrote in his green notebook the ambiguous maxim "*Le plus beau courage de tous les courages: le courage d'être heureux.*"

H. P. E.

The Chinese Scene

Eight of the nine stories in *The Ignorant and the Forgotten* (SYLVAN PRESS, 10/6) were written by Mr. CHUN-CHAN YEH in 1945 when he was on a crowded lecturing tour in England for the M.O.I. To write any book at all in a foreign tongue in such circumstances is an extraordinary feat. But there is no suggestion of a *tour de force* in these stories, which are the work of a subtle, delicate and highly finished talent. The author's theme is present-day China with its thirty years of famines, wars and revolutions; and his characters range from students who read Marcel Proust and discuss Marxism to an old peasant who, after twenty-five years of hard work, buys a baby cow and begins to dream of a wife, "a woman to cook for him, to sleep with him, to wipe the tears off his cheeks when he was insulted by his landlord or beaten up by the tax-collector." But a revolution breaks out, started by the workers, and the upshot for the old peasant of this movement to help the exploited is that he and his cow are both blown to pieces. This episode is told with the naturalism of Chekhov. There is something reminiscent of Hans Andersen's mingled humour and sentiment in "Winter Fantasy," the story of a young girl who loves her father's page, is repudiated by her husband, and retires into a Buddhist convent feeling as if she "had already grown meditative before she had done any meditation."

H. K.

"Nobody's But My Own"

If there is one danger of which educationists seem insufficiently aware it is that of attempting to mould a character easy to handle at school and consequently inadequate to the demands of life. Few systems seem to keep this peril in mind; and the State system is inevitably the worst offender. It takes a war and a sojourn in a Commando to make anything serviceable to his country and satisfactory to himself out of *Billy Potter* (COLLINS, 8/6), the staunch little individualist whose career is so touchingly portrayed by Miss DOREEN WALLACE. Her "young barstard's" East Anglian background, his virago "Grammer," his vacillating "Granfer," his gang of congenial

village toughs, their unpleasantly mature sisters and their ridiculous school with its decent, routine-shackled school-master come to life at the slightest wave of their creator's wand. So does the lad's congenial apprenticeship to a master-sawyer, a fate which—had it overtaken him long before the statutory age of release from his desk—might have saved him for civilization. Peace, however, did not wait for war to shatter Billy's fortunes; and the rest of the book, including his courtship and marriage, is little but a prelude to the gallant death which was so obviously the best thing his world had to offer him. H. F. E.

Cupid Goes by Train.

If you, reader, have a liking for your love-stories to develop in a tranquil and orderly manner in one of the accredited zones, such as a ruridecanal conservatory or the fringe of some moonsick pond, if you object more than a little to your slice of cosmic verity being served to you whipped in hilarious insanity and not plain on a plate of decently recognizable pattern, and especially should you hold views above the average about the integral balance and the æsthetic diatumpity of the novel, then do not hesitate to divert the seven shillings and sixpence you might unwittingly have squandered on *Thanks God! I'll Take It From Here* (FABER) to a pair of black mittens or any other pious object which occurs. You may recall Miss JANE ALLEN's former piece of nonsense, *I Lost My Girlish Laughter*; here she has teamed up with Miss MAY LIVINGSTONE to concoct another delightful novelette in the vein, half satire and half sentiment, which seems to come so naturally to this generation of Americans. Their heroine is an earnest scholar on her way to Hollywood to help with the filming of her half-baked plan for a better world, which has become a best-seller over night. In the coast-to-coast train she is adopted by two Marine Air Corps lootenants, one of whom she marks down as the perfect hero both for the film and herself; but by the time she reaches the studio, after incredible adventures, she has been converted to a more realistic slant on life and finds herself in the unethical position of an author fighting her director for drastic changes in her script. Most of the book is written in sten-gun dialogue of an acceptable crispness and wit. For my part the black mittens can wait.

E. O. D. K.

Life and Death

In *The River* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 7/6) Miss RUMER GODDEN has exceeded even the promise of her earlier books. This new story is endowed with such enchanting simplicity that in reading it one is reminded of some words by R. L. S.: "Only the mightier movement sounds and passes; only winds and rivers, life and death." The life and death, as observed by a small girl in India, include her own tender understanding of an ex-prisoner of war, her discovery of her little brother after he had been bitten by a snake ("He did not move, and she had not expected him to move. 'The warm is gone,' thought Harriet"), and her waiting outside her mother's door while the new baby was born: "A sound ran through Harriet from her scalp to her feet and from her feet up again. It was a new sound. First it was a sound like birds chirping; like sparrows in twigs; a twig sound; then it grew; it was broken into hiccoughs; it was like a little engine starting; it grew again, and it was the baby crying. It was the actual baby crying." Perhaps the author's greatest achievement of all is her knack of showing character in a few lines, and of making us realize the children not only for the moment but as

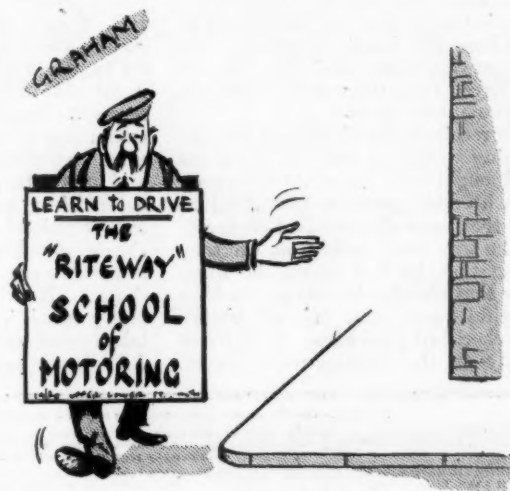
they will be. But it is not all about children, and her adults speak clear thought aloud, particularly the ex-prisoner who was a conscientious objector at heart, but—"At the last pinch I think I should have been angry and fought to save myself—and it is no use unless you can go through that last pinch." The whole book is touching and bracing and lovely: it is as free from mawkishness as most books about children are full of it; and it suggests, never forcing the moral, that it is stupid to be unhappy.

B. E. B.

The Unprofessional Beauty

Galsworthy has a woman in one of the novels who is supposed to represent Beauty (or something of the sort) and is therefore left as an enigma. Mr. A. A. MILNE now varies and develops the theme. *Chloe Marr* (METHUEN, 9/6) bears the name of a beauty quite as enigmatic, only rather less earnest and indeed, in her charming way, decidedly theatrical. Unkind people describe her, meaningly, as a professional beauty, but if cross-examined they would have to confess this unproven. No one knows what she is or what her history is, though everyone knows she is continually being photographed, continually seen at every smart party, and is always surrounded by men. This, then, is instead the story of half a dozen men who begin by adoring Chloe and end by consoling themselves with lesser beauties. It is very well done. Mr. MILNE does most of it with conversations—dialogue rather, and dialogue that would much enliven the average first-night. (He has one, by the way, in the book, and a by no means average actor.) His sentimental scenes—most of it might have been written for the stage—are light and quickly over, and his comedy very largely succeeds in avoiding the pit-fall of coyness. Characters? Well, there are a grey-haired, distinguished-looking gentleman, rather melancholy and (between ourselves) a bit of a bore—a real bore; a romantic but sensible young man who edits popular reference books and is a standby in trouble; an elderly clergyman (of course) who fancies himself too old to marry an elderly lady (but Chloe soon sees to that); and also some odds and ends. As for Chloe herself, she has at once a heart of gold and a heart of ice, will do anything to help anybody, but now can love, so Mr. MILNE would have us believe, only her own beauty.

J. S.



Lady Addle and the Burglars

Bengers, Herts, 1946

IT was, I suppose, too much to expect that Bengers alone should be immune from the crime wave which has lately swept so many of our friends into the unpleasant prominence of the evening papers. Our close neighbours, Lord and Lady Onceover, have recently lost the famous Once-over diamond collar—with the Dowager Lady Onceover inside it; poor old Lord Keatings had all his inner tubes removed during the night—from his car, of course I mean; while even the peaceful English town of Great Bengers has seen such outrages perpetrated as six paper bags being taken, in broad daylight, from a baker's shop, and a tin of dried eggs (since they were on points too, which makes it far more serious) boldly lifted off the counter in front of the grocer's back. And now comes the peak of crime—Bengers has been violated.

I don't think it would ever have happened if Crumpet, our dear old butler who died, as my readers will remember, in 1944—indeed, I nursed him to his grave—had still been here. Crumpet never failed, punctually at 10 P.M., to go round the ground floor, shutting and bolting every window and double-locking the wine-cellar. But now we have as butler a young fellow, son of old Chutney, Addle's trusted pig-man, who is a good, willing boy, but is still impregnated, I fear, with the democratic ideas of his Army life, and I cannot stop him letting the dogs out of the library window at night instead of taking them to the back door, as is proper. He declares he always locks it again, but—who can tell? The curious thing is that it was not the library at all where the burglars entered, but the drawing-room, and the window was forced from the outside. So it is all a complete mystery.

We received the alarm last Sunday morning when our early morning tea was brought to us ten minutes too soon and with odd spoons, so I could tell at once that some disaster had occurred. On the tray was a note from Chutney saying that he had found the dust-cover that nightly shrouds my bust—a beautiful piece, and one of Addle's most cherished possessions—flung irreverently on the drawing-room carpet,

where the window was also discovered to be open. Thoroughly alarmed, we both dressed hurriedly, and within an hour were on the scene of the crime. With a beating heart I looked round to see how many of our famous art treasures were missing. Oh what a relief when I found all dear Maudie's water-colours safe, and that only a small Fantin-Latour of roses in a bowl (after all, one can always pick fresh roses) and a very hazy little sketch of Turner's, of which I have never been able to understand the right way up, had been taken. In their haste, too, the miscreants had overlooked my prized antimacassars, crocheted by my dear mother in the last year of her life.

We moved to the dining-room. Here again merciful fate had preserved us. The burglars had only taken two or three dozen George III spoons and had left Addle's pig cups still standing on the sideboard. The table silver is only a minute part of our large collection; but the cups are memorials of old friends. Other gems that had escaped the predatory hands of the robbers were the beautiful tin-foil dinner-mats which my little Brownies had made for us for our silver wedding. A bottle of my horse-chestnut cordial had been opened, but fortunately very little had been taken. Two scarcely touched glasses were standing near the bottle.

Altogether we had great cause to be thankful, as Addle said when he came back from finding the cellar also spared. While he telephoned to the police I busied myself with putting things straight and doing a quick dust of the two rooms concerned, as everything seemed at sixes and sevens. P.C. Fogg—our splendid local constable, who has been at Great Bengers for twenty-five years and, rumour has it, is due for rapid promotion to sergeant—soon arrived, and after examining the broken lock from both sides stated that it had been forced, and that the burglars must have entered from the outside. (So it is not only Scotland Yard that can make clever deductions.) Later on an inspector appeared; and then came the shock. He demanded that all the finger-prints in the house should be taken—not only the servants', but Addle's and mine as well!

I asked him icily whether he thought it likely that either his lordship or I would have burgled ourselves, and whether he realized the indignity to which he was asking us to submit. A peeress being treated like a common criminal—a Coot being classed with Crippen and Charles Peace! He assured me it was just a formality, and Addle, to my surprise, appeared to agree with him, so ultimately I submitted. Then a most embarrassing thing happened. The inspector, after examining all the finger-prints, said that the only ones he could find in the two burgled rooms were mine. I must confess that I felt distinctly put out, especially when the inspector started cross-examining me as though I were already in court, asking me if I had touched or moved anything and so forth. I assured him that apart from straightening and dusting things I had done nothing, absolutely nothing. I was greatly relieved when I saw his features relax into a sudden smile, and, thanking me most politely for clearing up a point that had worried him, he left, assuring me that I had no cause for alarm.

Directly he had gone I telephoned to Mipsie, to whom I always fly in every trouble, and who took a taxi straight down to Bengers from London, like the staunch sister she is. She even came in such a hurry that she left her money behind, so Addle paid the man; but indeed her visit was well worth the fare, as she immediately asked us if we had made out an insurance claim. We told her that we had been far too upset to think of such a thing, but she impressed on us the importance of it, and after Addle had gone to see his pigs (for whom he was half an hour late, with all the stirring events in the house) she helped me greatly with the task, her wonderful memory recalling many missing articles of whose existence I fear I was quite unaware—so much does one take one's own house for granted. I am thankful she was there from her own point of view too, as she added to the claim a platinum cigarette case of hers which she said she had left in my work-bag, and which I should certainly have forgotten, as I have used that bag every night and never noticed the case. I fear I am getting unobtrusively in my middle age. M. D.

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



It's
**BALANCED
BLENDING**

that gives Four Square
its unmatched
coolness and flavour

FOUR SQUARE

SIX MEDIUM STRENGTH TOBACCOS - 2'8 & 3'.

SAVE FUEL

Keep warm inside

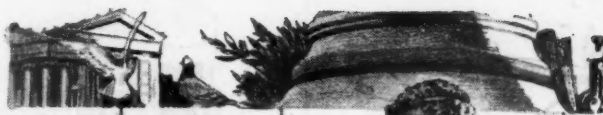
with



**CROSSE &
BLACKWELL'S**



MOCK TURTLE • VEGETABLE • MEAT • MULLIGATAWNY • TOMATO



**EUCLID SOLVED
THE PROBLEM**

EUCLID (C. 400 B.C.)

Famous Greek mathematician. Euclid's Elements, in which he solves a wide variety of mathematical problems, has been translated into many languages and is probably better known than any other mathematical book.



FAMOUS
FOR SPRINGS
& PRESSWORK
SINCE
1855

TERRY'S have been investigating the problem of springs for more than ninety years. Their accumulated knowledge on this specialised subject is therefore rather impressive. It's a good plan to let them vet every new design embodying the use of springs—often little dodges can be suggested to increase efficiency and economy. When it comes to really tricky spring problems there is, of course, no one better qualified than Terry's to find the answer.

Let us help you to solve your spring problems

**TERRY'S
for SPRINGS**

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD., REDDITCH, ENGLAND. Also London • Birmingham • Manchester



Abinger Hammer, Surrey.

*The best
in a day's
walk*

**NUGGET
BOOT POLISH**

IN BLACK, BROWN & DARK BROWN

Supreme for Quality



*"In the present
state of medical
knowledge..."*

The wise doctor of today is no "medicine man": he readily admits that medical science has a lot to learn about nerves and nerve strain. But whatever new discoveries the future may hold, one truth is unassailable: nerves need adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' can be found organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination.

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

*In 'one' size only at present—
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).*

A 'Genatosan' Product.

11

*The Best
from the West*

**SYMONS'
DEVON
CYDER**

is perfection

Apple Mills

TOTNES, DEVONSHIRE
& RATCLIFF, LONDON. E. 14.

Tri-ang
TOYS

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

L.B.LTD. London



A Dorothy Gray

SENSITIVE SKIN CREAM
Dorothy Gray

HOME TREATMENT

FOR SENSITIVE SKINS

A Home Treatment for the hypersensitive thin skin. Three delightful Preparations join in a highly effective sequence to care for the sensitive skin... each blended with meticulous care to exactly the same formulas as in pre-war days.

CLEANSE: Salon Cold Cream.

LUBRICATE: Sensitive Skin Cream.

STIMULATE: Orange Flower Skin Lotion

Dorothy Gray is a Reg. Trade Mark.



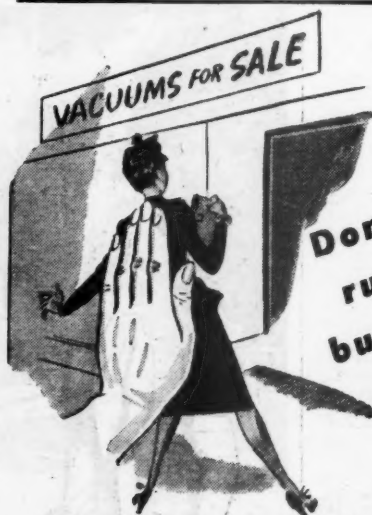
**18th CENTURY ELEGANCE
FOR TO-DAY**

Many fine XVIII century pieces of elegant, classical design are to be seen amongst the interesting collection of antique furniture at Heal's. The prices are by no means extravagant.



HEAL'S

196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1.



*Don't be
rushed into
buying a
second-best*

WITH the Hoover being allocated to Hoover dealers all over the country as fast as it can be made, don't be rushed into buying a second best! Have a little patience and buy the World's Best Cleaner. No millionaire can buy a better. You'll be glad you waited, since today's Hoover cleaner is higher in quality than pre-war, but not in price! Purchase Tax, of course, is extra.

HOOVER LTD

PERIVALE · GREENFORD · MIDDLESEX



GUMPTION PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.1.

As soon as Controls allow

NOVIO

will return to its peace-time quality, acknowledged the most perfect Toilet Paper ever produced.

A PERFECT POLISH

RONUK
FURNITURE CREAM

A shoe for the autumn to take you to town or country — Clarks 'Fresher' Lace shoe in black, brown or blue suède, with a trim saddle of calf leather. Low-heeled for week-end walking, but styled to suit the needs of town.



Clarks of Street have retailers in nearly every town. Please choose from the styles you find available.

C & J. CLARK, LTD. (WHOLESALE ONLY), STREET, SOMERSET.

THAT'S
WHAT I
CALL A
LOVELY
FIGURE



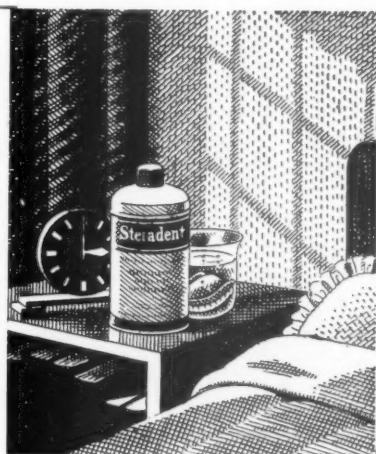
"... and gad, sir, she knows how right he is" ... and only she knows the secret! It's the new figure-moulding J.B. foundations that are the reason for her being in everyone's eye. You can look as lovely that way ... they're no more expensive.

J.B.

Dentures

like

new



A tumbler full of warm water. A capful of STERADENT well stirred up. While you sleep STERADENT gets to work. This cleansing solution removes film and stains. STERADENT sterilises your false teeth by its harmless, active energy. In the morning, rinse thoroughly, preferably under a tap.

Steradent

FOR ALL DENTURES, INCLUDING THE NEW ACRYLIC RESINS
STERADENT LIMITED, HULL & LONDON

*"... to pass freely without
let or hindrance ..."*

So runs the Request of the British Passport, that essential document for all who travel beyond Britain's shores, sailing the seven seas in course of trade. Now that the ways of commerce are reopening, merchants, traders and manufacturers are journeying far afield to restore and enlarge the exports of this country. So also go the bankers, preparing the way for the great expansion in overseas business which must be achieved if our standard of living is to be upheld.

The Midland Bank, with a foreign business second to none, has already sent missions to various countries—and more are on the way. At the Overseas Branch in London and the Foreign Branches in several provincial centres a fund of up-to-date information is available, while through many thousands of banking agents in all parts of the world international transactions of every kind can be arranged.

All concerned in business with other countries are invited to make use of the Bank's overseas service. The Manager of any one of more than 1800 branches will welcome the opportunity of discussing problems relating to foreign trade.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED



**DON'T
CLIP
HIS
WINGS**

EVERY £1 INVESTED WILL HELP TOWARDS THE NATIONAL TARGET OF £520 MILLIONS

He's so full of youthful enthusiasms and energies ; growing up in a thrilling, air-minded age. You'll want to see him getting the best out of the world tomorrow.

A bit of money, put by for him in National Savings Certificates, will make all the difference to him later on. So keep up your Savings and don't fritter them away — especially now while prices are high and goods in short supply. Hold on to your Savings to give him the opportunity he deserves.

Buy and hold

**NATIONAL
SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES**



ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars

The Rover Co. Ltd., Solihull, Birmingham; and Devonshire House, London
CVS-57